

HeartattaCh


#10

CRIBS
ICONOCLAST

heartattack

WOMEN'S JIM?

CAPITALISM COMBUSTION & CHAINSAWS



The three C's have caused the downfall of our society and our earth. Imperialism existed before these concepts, but these three things made it that much easier to starve the poor and gorge the rich. A free market in the north has enslaved those in the south. Its fossil fueled tools have opened up strip mining operations. Its chainsaws have cut the canopy of its homes, scorching the unusable ground below. Perhaps this colonialism can be best seen in our time. Our luxury agricultural products like bananas, sugar, and coffee come from vast monocrop plantations which could grow native and sustaining crops like corn. "Juan Valdez," the symbol of American capitalist slavery in South America, can only drink so much coffee. With the formation of certain "free trade" agreements, companies like Nike, Levi's, and Hanes have made certain that they will be able to produce goods using economically and politically shackled people for labor. The illegal sweatshops in America which pay \$2 an hour are no longer profitable. The companies must go to Honduras, Burma, and Mexico to find people who will work for \$2 a day. For agreements like NAFTA or GATT to be equitable, they must maintain an international minimum wage and international environmental standards.

Capitalism, combustion engines, and chainsaws have also underdeveloped the north, furthering a class system carried over from the days of lords and serfs. Combustion has dissected our once pristine land with its roads, choked us with its cars, and destroyed the notion of community. Now our grapes can come from California or Chile. Our apples can come from Washington, and our underwear can come from Thailand. Before the dawn of the three C's, many people lived in bartering and sharing communities which fostered the ideals of self-respect and empowerment. But damn Whitey's killed all of the buffalo, hasn't he? The notion of jobs vs. environment keeps popping up in the media, but the environment isn't the enemy— the three C's are. Labor has become automated. Machines tell people they're too dumb to work anymore. Chainsaws take jobs from loggers, not environmentalists.

Life under the three C's lacks human dignity and a respect for the natural world. The upperdogs seek to exploit both land and people in their conquest to make profits soar. We just stand in their way or help them on their way. I suggest we stand in their way more often.

This was a public service announcement from Rick Spencer.

POB 24202 Hilton Head Island, SC 29925, USA



GREEN REVOLUTION GREEN REVOLUTION GREEN REVOLUTION GREEN REVOLUTION GREEN REVOLUTION

In the US, our National Forests are sold to timber and paper companies at a reduced prices subsidized by our tax dollars. Only 5% of America's old-growth forests still remain, as 1,000 year old trees are cut for newspapers & phonebooks.

We can do without mahogany & teak furniture, virgin paper & clearcut timber— we'll have to if we intend to exist. Perhaps the industry needs a push. Organize a demonstration, civil disobedience action, write letters, print t-shirts... something. The following is a list of organizations helping to put an end to poorly managed forest-products industries. Write them. They will send you free stuff to get you started.

REOLUTION GREEN REVOLUTION GREEN REVOLUTION GREEN REVOLUTION

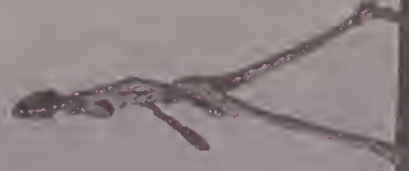
incurable complaint

work ethic -

loving and pleasing
I try to live that way
I see the pain
in my mother's eyes
her only solitude
is found in love
a light in the darkness
to guide her home.

her pain
frustration
her pain
frustration

growing indifference
unending repetition
a desire to leave
a desire for change



incurable complaint is:
brian - drums
cabe - bass+vocals
mike - guitar

Thanks to:
Mike Roth, Kent
McClard, Sam, John,
Scott, Jimmy, Mike D.,
Floodgate and others
who lent us equipment,
Parents & Friends.

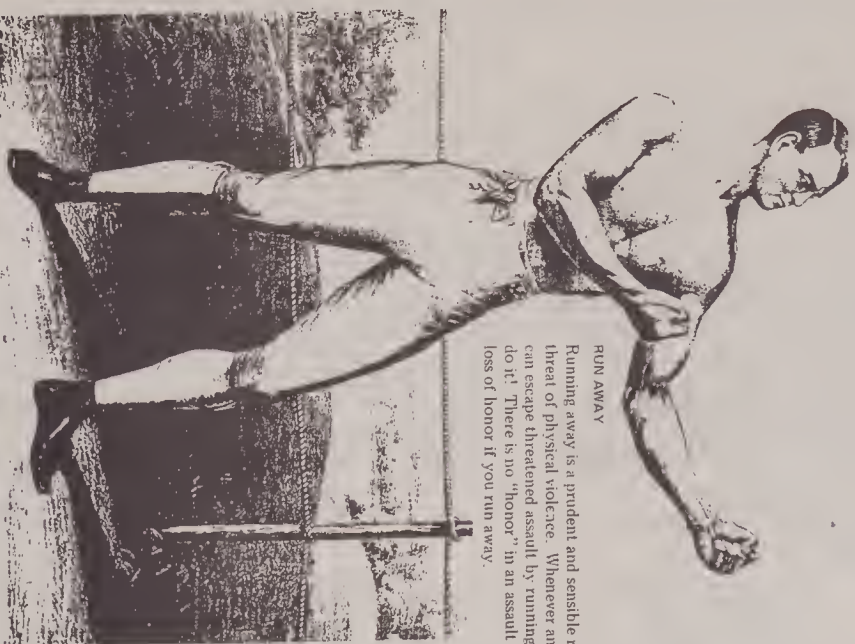
P.O. Box 6292
Santa Barbara, CA 93160

incurable complaint is now: brian - drums; cabe - vocals;
mike - guitar; joe - bass

The Fisticuffs Bluff

vocals:summer mastous
bass:dave louie
drums:jay conui
guitar:drew gilbert

write:P.O. Box
7848 Santa Cruz, CA
95061 USA



RUN AWAY

Running away is a prudent and sensible response to the threat of physical violence. Whenever and wherever you can escape threatened assault by running away, you should do it! There is no "honor" in an assault and there is no loss of honor if you run away.

Cotton Blend

To take in the vernacular and piss it out of yourself young in mind then segregate against those older than you you see her as old and dry but really the brittle belongs to you this is skill this is factual duh this decrepit reasoning will it decay right in front of my face all what with reality being the torch in the back of the cave? the current of aging grace shoving it back inside the womb Hagia, Sophia, Hagia, Sophia, Mary Britle told me so, Mary made me tell on you our wild dresses, our coolie suits, its all a cotton blend, cotton blend friends

Bricoleur

so ok we're all little boys and girls within which the walls are made of brick that skirmish the soul? outside is a lotus blossom, latent seeds within which a young karma resides? pre-determine the poor dogs tied to a rope gam the man rakes his lawn, rakes his leaves over the dollhouse in his dreams. I'm haunted. Break me out, break me out, cos' I'm beat Well yah. So are you. Boarding school. Green hills landlocked Switzerland fountains glistening...Morn, there were good ideas there. I saw brain matter become a ball of yarn. Soft, mute, fuzzy and unwound. So go-line-pow-take it away. I saw you. Better ghosts have happened than this, than you.

Thanks:Matt A, Jeff, Tom B.,Judy & Rob, Greyhound, Kid City, Kent



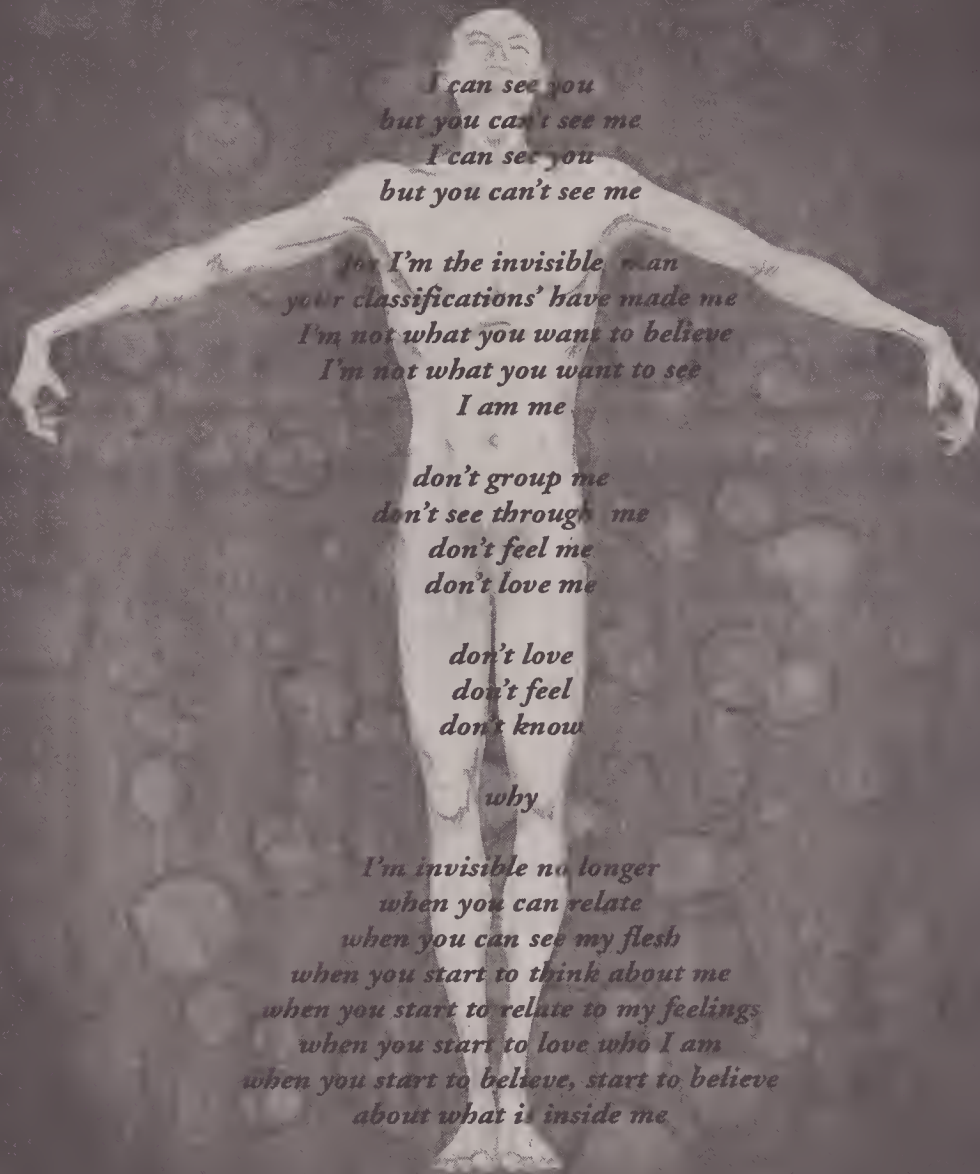
The myth of inborn masculine aggressiveness is the opposite and supporting myth of inherent feminine helplessness and passivity.



recorded on 8-tracks by Matt A.
6/94

JIHAD

"Invisible Man"



*I can see you
but you can't see me
I can see you
but you can't see me*

*for I'm the invisible man
your classifications' have made me
I'm not what you want to believe
I'm not what you want to see
I am me*

*don't group me
don't see through me
don't feel me
don't love me*

*don't love
don't feel
don't know*

why

*I'm invisible no longer
when you can relate
when you can see my flesh
when you start to think about me
when you start to relate to my feelings
when you start to love who I am
when you start to believe, start to believe
about what is inside me*

DEREK : GUITAR
JOSH : DRUMS
JOEL : BASS
CRAIG : VOCALS

IF YOU WOULD LIKE THE HOLY
WAR TO COME TO YOUR TOWN
616-344-5707
PO BOX 50403
KALAMAZOO MI 4900

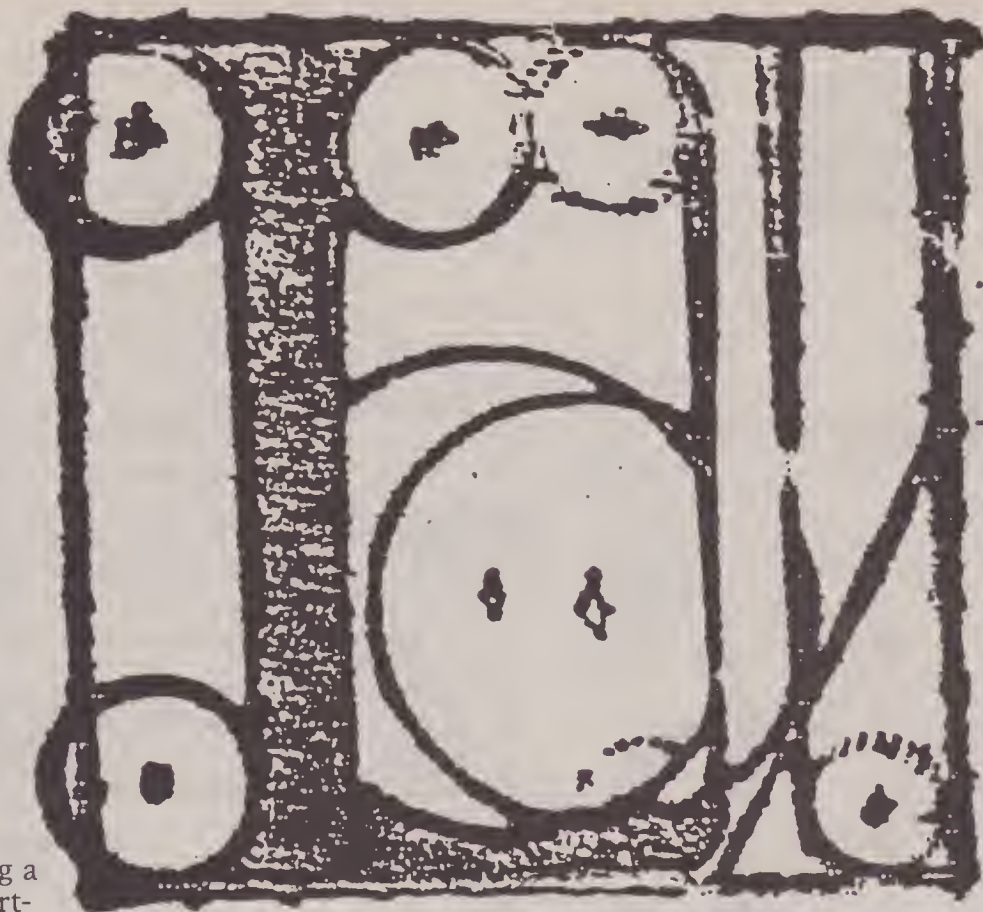
COMING SOON FROM THE WORLD OF JIHAD A SPLIT WITH OTTAWA

If you think it's about you, you're wrong. It's about us. Me and you. We stand alone; such hardened individuals... but we need others. We need this. If we didn't, we be gone by now. I know I need this. It sounds so silly. But true, I need this space. Some fucking space of comfort. Even when everyone sucks, I still turn here. I turn it loud. Because this is the closest I can get to my reality. And it's ours, our world. No one can take it from us. We can give it away, but no one can take it. And I am hoarding my piece.

i'm tired of "my element" being a place where i don't feel comfortable. filled with hating eyes of neighbors, and beyond that blank stares overflowing with pettiness. it's time for a new leaf.

"I may be blind in my actions, and have no control of my rage, and suffer from heated moments, but... I know what my anger means." - Ignition

I know my anger is the only thing I have left now. The only thing inside me that is pure. Everything else has been tainted, disillusioned, and beaten into submission. These fiery eyes are the only clear thing I have. This burning. This scream. This beast is the best thing I can turn to, and know I am really alive. To know what I want. And my anger will keep me from being under your thumb. Nice types sit quiet and alone unrecognized by the world around them. Almost apathetic. This you cannot ignore. This you see. This keeps the other people in line, as I try to rebuild. My anger is my savior. And that's that.



MAYBE I WAS ALWAYS JUST STANDING IN YOUR LIGHT?

Today I turned twenty. It scares the fuck out of me. I've got one more legal year of being this thing I ran from. Now I'm just trying to get it back. I never wanted to be this. Never.

I wonder about this woman I have become. I wonder about this thing living inside of me. I really have no idea what I want, Sometimes. No, scratch that. I can't even imagine what other people see. I have my wild imagination, But that I have to second guess. I wonder to what degrees I go. Because that is a big piece of me. And my woman. And my wonderment.

I wanted to do something that meant something. I never wanted to be the one doing all the seeking. I didn't want to be the bad memory. But the past isn't just past, and it's hard to ignore. I wasn't the living one and now I am dead. Dead to you?

so I do this little 'zine called **shiner**. you can guess what it is about. this is number 3.5. thank you, friends. fuck shit up. - lisa o. po box 622 goleta, ca 93116

SHOTMAKER

March 1994-Melissa Kimberly Richardson was picked up while hitchhiking today. She was driven off to a deserted road, assaulted, choked until she passed out, and then stabbed somewhere near 40 times with a screwdriver. She was left on the side of the road to die. Missy survived by lifting herself off the road, climbing over a fence, walking across a field to the edge of a highway, and flagging down a passing motorist. She did this while losing massive amounts of blood.

This in itself only bears slight testimony to the kind of spirit she, as a human being, has. I think the world of her and can't imagine what it would be like to not have her around.

I know, as well as most of you reading this do, that violence against women in any way, shape, or form is out of control. I don't need to ramble on about statistics, because once, in my mind, is too much. I think that we, as people, need to educate ourselves at a young age and stop letting the media, religion, and mainstream society in general make males into these macho men that think they are the all and mighty machine. Men are the problem, men created the problem, and men prolong the problem.

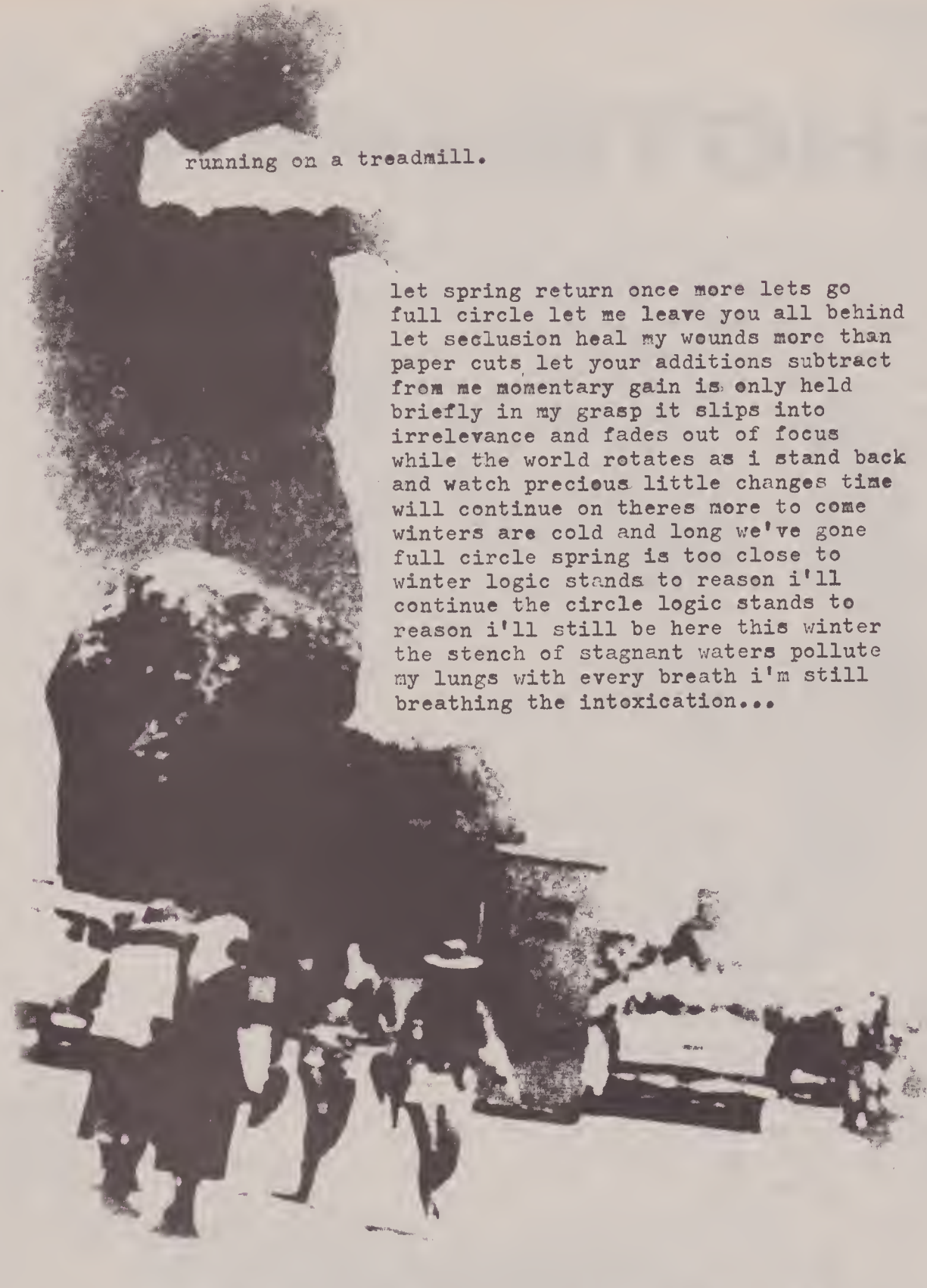
-Matt

7:14 is just one person's outlook on a problem that should be looked at by more people.

NEVER WON
NEVER LOST
ON HER GROUND
TIME 7:14
HEIGHT
WEIGHT
TIME
WHAT WILL I DO
AT 7:14
WHAT WILL SHE DO
WHAT WILL WE DO
IT WASN'T HER CHOICE
OUR FISTS
OUR EYES
OUR LIES

Write us:574 Bridge St. E.
Belleville Ont.
K8N 1S1
Canada

recorded at september studios
Aug. 1994
engineered by Jim Kuczkowski (thanks!)
and Jeff Hansell



running on a treadmill.

let spring return once more lets go
full circle let me leave you all behind
let seclusion heal my wounds more than
paper cuts let your additions subtract
from me momentary gain is only held
briefly in my grasp it slips into
irrelevance and fades out of focus
while the world rotates as i stand back
and watch precious little changes time
will continue on theres more to come
winters are cold and long we've gone
full circle spring is too close to
winter logic stands to reason i'll
continue the circle logic stands to
reason i'll still be here this winter
the stench of stagnant waters pollute
my lungs with every breath i'm still
breathing the intoxication...

manrae. 39 LAUREL RD BLABY LEICESTER LE8 4DL ENGLAND

RECORDED AT BACKSTAGE JULY '94.

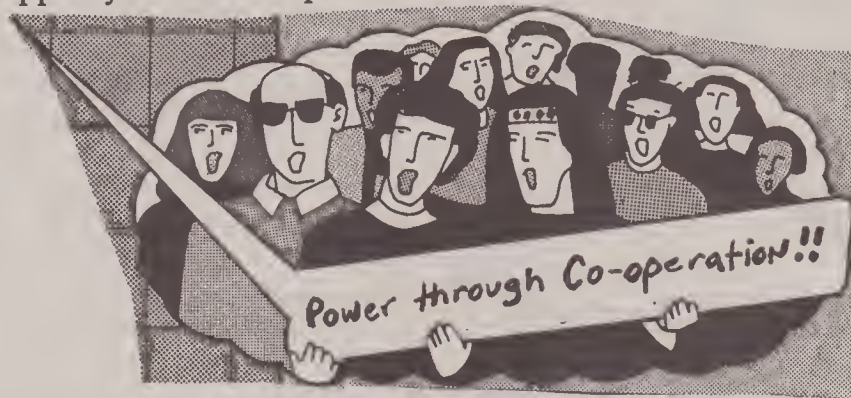
cooperative.....a group of people who have a common need, who get together and meet that need rather than paying some one else to meet that need for them.

Fuck Landlords and Take Control of Where You Reside LIVE IN A CO-OP

Where do you live? Are you sick of listening to the never ending nagging of your landlord and having them neglect you of your needs? Well I have an answer for you! Become part of your local cooperative! Co-ops are great because it is true revolutionary living. As a collective group, housemates own their co-op and are in charge of their house in every imaginable way. Thus, the power is brought into the hands of the tenants and not some money loving landlord. This also helps to keep co-ops affordable, for no one is making a profit.

I have lived in a co-op for the past two years in Isla Vista. It is a much needed escape from the college town hell that surrounds me. My house has nine bedrooms and fourteen co-ops, and we are only one house out of three in the local community. As a communal house, we all have weekly chores to keep the house going. We have an excellent recycling program and a growing organic garden in the backyard. Best of all, we have communal dinners in which two co-ops cook for the house one night, while they have others cook for them the other nights. Imagine coming home every night to an awesome vegan/vegetarian dinner fully prepared by someone else.

Co-ops are truly an aspect of alternative living because it gives people a true sense of power and choice about where they live. Co-ops have existed since 1844 and are located all around the U.S., especially where there are colleges. They are not just for hippies and should not be associated with communes and compounds a la Waco, Texas. Co-ops are awesome because people show interest and pride in where they live and the house has a general sense of politics. Thus, co-ops (whether housing, food, or business) are fuckin' punk...so support your local cooperative!



danielle po box 14228 santa barbara california 93107 ukerm1@mcl.ucsb.edu

for info on housing co-ops near you, contact NASCO at:

email: NASCO@umich.edu

main office
po box 7715
Ann Arbor, MI 48107-7715
(313) 663-0889

west coast office
6503 Madrid, Suite J
Isla Vista, CA. 93117
(805) 685-6964



HeartattaCk

art by Hendo

A little over two years ago I got the idea to start this magazine called *HeartattaCk*. I was feeling alienated by the hardcore world's core processing unit, meaning that *Maximum Rock'n'roll* was no longer going to cover the kind of music that I had grown to love. But it wasn't just about music, it was also about a certain community and the idea of it all being "more than music." You see MRR was, and still is for a huge portion of the punk scene, an information hub. People flip open those pages every month to get clued in on what's new. Not just musically but also spiritually and thematically. Hardcore music is more than music because it transmits ideas. Any fool can see the obvious link between the music and the proliferation of ideas. Vegetarianism and veganism are two real obvious examples. Ideas that have become common ground, even old hat, to most people involved in hardcore. There was a time when I was surprised if I met some hardcore kid that was vegetarian, but now the shocker is when I learn that some hardcore kid eats meat; "like that's way out there, you know?"

Anyway, I started reading MRR in 1982 and without that information hub I would have been lost. MRR was a data base filled with reviews, ideas, addresses. It helped me plug into the scene. Without it I wouldn't be who I am today. So when MRR suddenly started changing their review policy in a way that was ostracizing my record label, my friend's bands, and my community I went ape shit crazy. In that state of delirium I decided to start this fucking magazine. I called it *HeartattaCk* because I knew that attempting to do a full scale information hub magazine like MRR could give me a headache, an ulcer, and an eventual heart attack.

But why me? I guess the best answer I can give is that I owe a lot to hardcore. It is in my mind the most important thing that has ever happened to me. It changed my life forever. My whole mind set and way of interacting with the world has been drastically altered by my years in hardcore. It isn't always apparent but if I look closely I can see the connection to everything I do. I'm not complaining, but rather I'm giving respect where respect is do. I like who

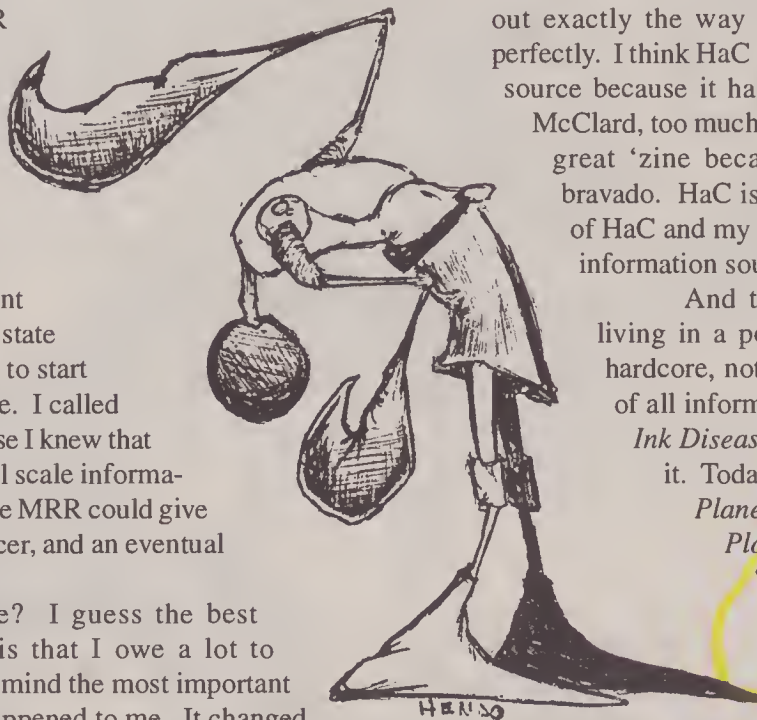
I am. I like my life. I owe hardcore. So in many ways I felt a responsibility to do *HeartattaCk*. It isn't always fun, and in fact most of the time it is really quite painful. Sure when each issue is back from the printer there is a certain sense of satisfaction, but there is also the foreboding knowledge that another issue is on the way.

The hardest aspect of doing HaC is the time spent agonizing over the direction of the magazine. I have an idea of what I want it to be, but trying to make that idea solidify issue after issue is incredibly hard. I run out of creative energy, and I find myself constantly wondering if the magazine is any good. A lot of people were thinking HaC would turn out to be MRR junior. It hasn't, which is partly good and partly bad. I want HaC to be an information source. I want it to be a tool. It isn't a 'zine, but a piece of information. I want HaC to be everything that I didn't want *No Answers* to be (*No Answers* being the 'zine I did for ten years prior to HaC). With *No Answers* I was striving to find ways to represent my opinions and my values and my face and my sense of spirituality in ink, on paper. HaC ideally is just the opposite. It is about the general consciousness of hardcore and not so much about using my flesh as paper.

HaC isn't what it should be, and *No Answers* wasn't always what I wanted. I guess most things never quite turn out exactly the way you envision them, or at least not perfectly. I think HaC is working. It isn't a pure information source because it has got too much character, too much McClard, too much attitude, but at the same time it isn't a great 'zine because it lacks emotion, energy, and bravado. HaC is somewhere between my ideal vision of HaC and my ideal vision of *No Answers*. It is part information source and part personality.

And that's okay with me because we're living in a post-MRR era. In the beginning (of hardcore, not punk) MRR was the center, the hub of all information. *Flipside* was around and later *Ink Disease* and *Suburban Voice*, but MRR was it. Today you can chose between MRR, *Punk Planet*, *Flipside*, HaC, *Profane Existence*, *Plot* and a whole host of up and coming "information 'zines." Everything has changed. Punk and hardcore are too wide spread, too well known for one magazine to serve as a single source of information. MRR isn't what it

once was, and it never will be again. I haven't bought a copy of MRR in almost two years, and when I get a chance to look at it I find that I'm not very interested in what's inside. Things change. That's the last time I'll ever mention MRR again in the pages of HaC. It is time to move on.



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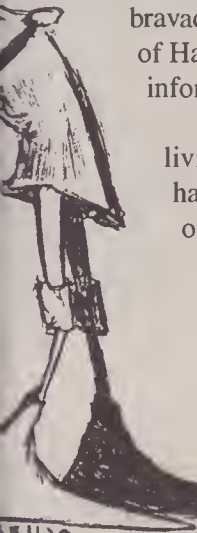
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ENDO

words by McClard



Ebullition

February 6th, 1996. Five years ago Ebullition began as an idea. It was nameless. Sonia found the word in a dictionary; Ebullition "1, a boiling up or overflow of liquid. 2, an outburst of feeling, passion, etc." Brent took the word and inked a logo. And from that day forth I began the long process of bringing Ebullition to life. Today, I feel intertwined and inseparable from Ebullition.

We have become one. Ebullition is as much a part of me as I am a part of it. Not one single day has passed in the last five years in which I didn't spend time thinking about Ebullition. Ebullition is not just something I do, it is part of my identity, and for better or worse, I cannot fathom a life apart from it. Ebullition is not a label. Ebullition is my life. 'Till death do us part. kent • kebullition • ebullition

In 1995 Ebullition raised \$3,000 from the sale of *Give Me Back* LPs. The money was divided amongst three organizations; The National Gay and Lesbian Task Force, Planned Parenthood, and The Santa Barbara Shelter Services For Women. Writing the checks felt like a real accomplishment. The *Give Me Back* compilation has always symbolized for me what Ebullition could be at my best, at its best. I'm proud of the record, of the enclosed booklet, and donating the money made the whole project seem that much more important. By the end of 1996 Ebullition will probably be able to donate another \$3,000 to these organizations. Ebullition in motion.

This record was conceived as a benefit for *HeartattaCk*. In the beginning HaC was short on cash. In the last two years I've bought a lot of computer equipment in an attempt to make the process of producing HaC easier and easier. Hopefully, it is also looking better and better. From this point forward HaC will be produced completely on disk. All the photos and graphics will be scanned and everything will be laid out on the computer. This should raise the visual quality of the magazine, and hopefully it will come out a bit more regularly as well. So the money raised from this record will help pay off the expenses of all this new computer equipment. Some of the money will also be used to cover those issues where the ad money isn't quite enough to cover the printing, and I guess the second color will become a regular part of HaC. All of the bands were nice enough to donate their music to help HaC, and my thanks goes out to all of them. Each band was asked to do a page for the booklet and I also asked most of the regular contributors to do pages. I was kind of interested to see what they would all come up with, if anything at all. Yes, there is a second compilation in the works. It should be finished in a month's time.



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words by McClard

Ebullition

February 6th, 1996. Five years ago Ebullition began as an idea. It was nameless. Sonia found the word in a dictionary; Ebullition "1, a boiling up or overflow of liquid. 2, an outburst of feeling, passion, etc." Brent took the word and inked a logo. And from that day forth I began the long process of bringing Ebullition to life. Today, I feel intertwined and inseparable from Ebullition.

We have become one. Ebullition is as much a part of me as I am a part of it. Not one single day has passed in the last five years in which I didn't spend time thinking about Ebullition. Ebullition is not just something I do, it is part of my identity, and for better or worse, I cannot fathom a life apart from it. Ebullition is not a label. Ebullition is my life. 'Till death do us part. kent • kebullitiont • ebullition

In 1995 Ebullition raised \$3,000 from the sale of Give Me Back LPs. The money was divided amongst three organizations; The National Gay and Lesbian Task Force, Planned Parenthood, and The Santa Barbara Shelter Services For Women. Writing the checks felt like a real accomplishment. The Give Me Back compilation has always symbolized for me what Ebullition could be at my best, at its best. I'm proud of the record, of the enclosed booklet, and donating the money made the whole project seem that much more important. By the end of 1996 Ebullition will probably be able to donate another \$3,000 to these organizations. Ebullition in motion.

This record was conceived as a benefit for *HeartattaCk*. In the beginning HaC was short on cash. In the last two years I've bought a lot of computer equipment in an attempt to make the process of producing HaC easier and easier. Hopefully, it is also looking better and better. From this point forward HaC will be produced completely on disk. All the photos and graphics will be scanned and everything will be laid out on the computer. This should raise the visual quality of the magazine, and hopefully it will come out a bit more regularly as well. So the money raised from this record will help pay off the expenses of all this new computer equipment. Some of the money will also be used to cover those issues where the ad money isn't quite enough to cover the printing, and I guess the second color will become a regular part of HaC. All of the bands were nice enough to donate their music to help HaC, and my thanks goes out to all of them. Each band was asked to do a page for the booklet and I also asked most of the regular contributors to do pages. I was kind of interested to see what they would all come up with, if anything at all. Yes, there is a second compilation in the works. It should be finished in a month's time.

My fragile ego is inflated with hot air. You attempt to deflate me with your sharp tongue, but I stay on my toes, moving side to side. The verbal war continues. I'm sure we could be friends if we spent time together on a hot day with the sun's lazy rays upon our backs, but we never do.

If you see me stumble on the street, it is because I am overwhelmed. It all comes down so damn fast. The uncertainty and the confusion spread. My eyes look out from behind a veil of haze. In the morning the fog and mist shroud the town in an eerie glow. I run through the streets and the appearance of desertion makes it seem simple. But later in the day the sun will burn off that simplicity, and people will once again swarm these streets like ants in a colony. Can you learn to live with the question? I see the converts seeking that which is sought. They seem so content on knowing, on trying to know. I think I remember what it meant to search

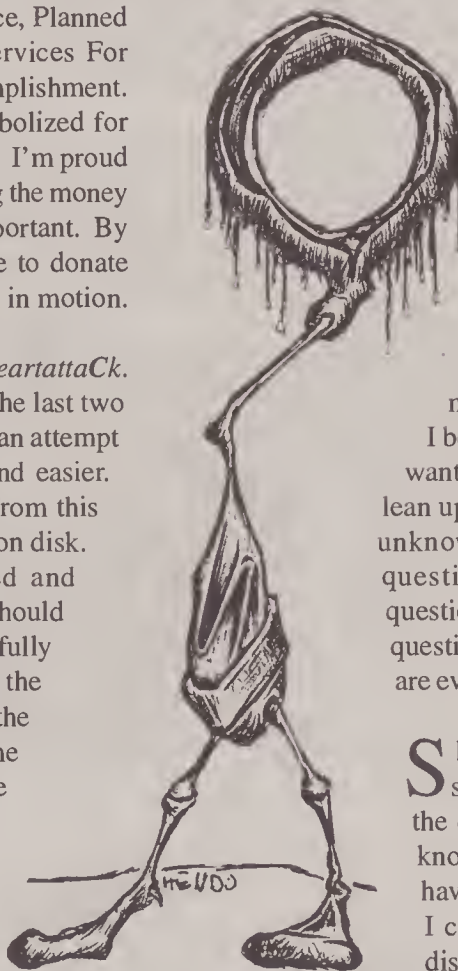
the heavens for that answer. The all powerful elusive answer.

Elusive. Yes, I remember the search, but I also remember the failure. At first that failure gave me cause to fear. I began to understand the fragile existence that I call life. Life and death are so tightly connected.

The completion can come so quickly. When I first realized, I mean really realized, that this was so I began to lose my sense of balance. I wanted an answer to hold, an answer to lean upon. I remain at war with the great unknown, but I can now answer your question. Not the question, but the question. Yes, I can learn to live with the question, though the bruises on my knees are evidence that I do fall now and again.

She left me. And I am blind. I struggle to find truth, only to trip on the confusion of life. I doubt if I can know the value of something until I have lost it. It is the curse of humanity. I can hear her voice in my ear like a distant memory. Photos are captured

moments in time. But those times have already escaped, and I realize now that photos are really only vestiges of a past time. I would like to be alone now to think about a time when I was not alone. From the cradle to the grave; hold that which is truly important close to your heart.



JURANIUS

FACE VALUE

No longer in need of approval, no longer seeing the result of two men.
Past meaning lost seen in those preachy eyes. To stand and not be counted, to
stand and not be. There is more to being than the act of being. This gauge
means nothing, which you have misread. Set the sight and sound, confirm
that you are ahead. Owed to whom? Prove your worth. Owed to whom?
Could you be your worth? Distracted from the truth, and feeling so far away
into distorted reasoning you will slip, and continue to slip.

GUILTY: Karl, Matt, Jon, Geoff, Yannick.



The Great American Steak Religion
C.P. 43083, St-Romuald (PQ) G6W 7N2

My mom sent me a bunch of crazy sex books this summer, which is another topic entirely, but one of the best was a book called My Mother Myself by a woman called Nancy Friday. It's this crazy, incredibly courageous book - one of the most challenging and interesting I've ever read. In it Friday talks primarily about women's sexuality and how women are constructs of their mother's attitudes (actions) towards sexuality to a much greater extent than many of us are willing to acknowledge. Central to the book is Friday's theory that women desperately need to revamp our outdated and crippling feelings and ideas about sex. According to Friday (and a bunch more people, I'm sure), sex and love have become so completely enmeshed for women that it's almost impossible for us to have good/fulfilling sex unless the promise of (everlasting) love and commitment lurks in the not-too-distant background. Friday dares women to embrace ourselves as fully sexual and mature human beings, stating that it is only by doing this that we will ever have truly fulfilling and satisfying sex. It is with this challenge that she gives women the "permission" we often seem to need to appreciate sex as the physical/carnal act that it often is. It is only by taking up this challenge, she states, that we will ever be able to disassociate sex with the traditional ideas of love and dependence that have been imprisoning women for ages. Although Friday isn't proposing a complete disassociation between the two (sex and love), she emphasizes the fact that sex can and should be appreciated on various planes/levels. What struck me as especially central to her theory is her assertion that women must stop depending on men to take care of us sexually - that we must let go of the idea that we must wait for and depend on a man to turn us into the sexual women that we are striving to become.

Daisy Rooks Smith College Box 7837 98 Green Street Northampton, Ma. 01063

This may seem like common knowledge to some of you out there, but to me this is some of the most real, brave and good thinking that I've seen in ages. At the same time, though, it's really hard to come to terms with as a woman. I know that it's a lot easier to think of yourself as "naive" and "good" and not "like that." That it's so much easier to give someone else charge of you(r) sexuality, and expect them to "help you" become a woman and to say that none of this really matters because you don't like sex anyway. But as we all know, what's easiest is rarely what's best, and so I take up Friday's challenge and the challenges of scores of other women, and propose that we all work consciously to turn these attitudes on their heads. I say that as women we start making sure that we are getting what's ours without regret or apology. I challenge women everywhere to usher in a whole new era of frankness and total candor. To learn to express ourselves sexually in new and uncharted ways, and to learn to talk to each other openly and unabashedly about our experiences and feelings. About ourselves as women.

SEX SEX SEX SEX SEX SEX SEX

Fuck hardcore. It's just not what this column is about, but I want to talk about the Spitboy interview in last issue, because I think that it's a totally relevant to what I'm talking about here. For those of you who didn't read it, the "interview" was basically the Spitladies totally round-tabling it about sex. They were talking all sorts of crazy shit and asking each other questions and getting into the nitty gritty, and it was totally great. Lots of people - boys for the most part - that I have talked about it with, have told me that they thought it was "gross" and "inappropriate" and all that shit. I, on the other hand, think that the interview was great. It was completely open and honest and totally fucking brave. It was women talking about sex and fucking in a completely open and comfortable way. And really, why shouldn't they? Why shouldn't all women? For the most part, they talked about sex from a purely physical standpoint. From the perspective of women who have sex and love. Women who refuse to be embarrassed or inhibited about talking about it (at least on paper!), and to me that's a hell of a lot more real and revolutionary than anything I've seen in fanzines in a long time.

Here are some great books that I read this summer that all tie into this stuff:

Lonnie Barabach For Yourself

Betty Dodson Sex For One

Nancy Friday Women on Top

My Mother, My Self

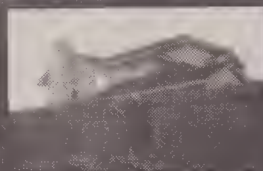
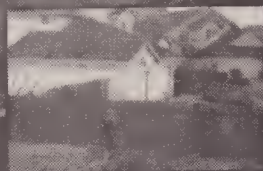
Winks and Semans The Good Vibrations Guide To Sex

But the central distinction that I want to make here is that I am not really talking about sex in a "hey free love, let's get high" sort of way, because I think that whole attitude is going absolutely nowhere. Sex as revolution is dead, sex as communication and as mature people/adults is (and needs to be) alive and kicking. Women need to learn how to be assertive and self-assured in their sexuality, while men and women both need to learn how to be up front and honest about what their needs are and who they are sexually. I think that all too often men feel that they must present themselves as (various degrees of) non-sexual in order for women to be able to trust them. Simultaneously, I think that women often present themselves as not interested sexually or inexperienced, in order to seem more "accessible" and desirable. For both genders I think that there is an idea that in order to be considered "good," we must dismiss ourselves as sexually interested and vibrant people. And when, during the course of the relationship the rules change and suddenly it is both desired and expected for both partners to be extremely interested and accomplished in the arena of sex, all hell breaks loose. What I am trying to stress here is what I see as an immediate/crucial need for both men and women to be straightforward about their "intentions" and interests, as well as who they are sexually. Without this kind of honesty I think that no progress will be made, and I fear that sex and sexual politics will get even more convoluted and dangerous than they already are.

Amber@ Inn

915 L St. #C-166, Sacramento, CA 95814

FLAMINGO STANCE I demand, in all aspects, calluses. I will not be ashamed to lean. I could never push it far enough to even things out. But i claim this as my life's work. It will take me home. I will choose which leg to stand on. Rip it open.



Recorded 11-94 at Enharmonik by Eric Stenman, who also modeled for the photos. Photos by Scott.

K.A.S.H.

LONG WAY DOWN

AS WE TURN ON OUR NEW TRADITIONS
AND FACE THE FACTS OF TODAY
TURN UP THE HEAT, SHIFT INTO HIGH SPEED
AND LET OUR MINDS OVERFLOW

UNDER CONSTRUCTION ARE THE WAYS OF OLD
OVER SEEING THE MOVEMENT
GIANT STEPS ARE NOT AN OPTION
TAKE IT STONE BY STONE

MOTIVATED BY DISBELIEF
LABELED AS THE LOST CAUSE
TRYING YOUR HARDEST TO PROVE IT WRONG
CAN'T MAKE A DENT IN MY SPIRIT

SHARE THE SHADOW OF DESPERATION
IT'S THE CHANCE I'M TAKING
MORE OUT TO WATCH A FALL
THAN TO APPLAUD SUCCESS

YOU WILL SEE AS THE STEPS INCREASE
THAT EACH ONE IS A NEW JOURNEY
MASK TO THE SIDE
EYES EVER FORWARD
MINDS BENT ON CALCULATION
LISTEN TO THE WORDS THEY SAY
JUST ONE CAN CUT YOU IN HALF
READ WHAT THEY WRITE SO CLEARLY
SOMETIMES THE TRUTH IS HARD TO SEE

YES I KNOW, LISTEN CLOSE, YES I KNOW

AS FOR THIS LESSON WE'VE DRAWN A CONCLUSION
BUT THERE ARE ALWAYS MORE
TAKE NOT FOR GRANTED
YOUR SITUATION
SET SIGHTS ON MOVING ONWARD

RECORDED AT NEPTUNE STUDIOS WITH MAX AND COBB TWO NINETY FOUR

LARRY HINKLE JESSE GRIFFIN BRIEN STEWART MARK D

NO PRODUCTION 7221 HIGHLAND STREET SPRINGFIELD, VIRGINIA 22150

車站公安收錢放人進入

★ loomis slovak ★ 天

職員通道通過。
職員通道由三、四個穿著藍色制服的保安守著，他們都非常兇狠，向著走近的民工喊打，然而公安和他們領著的人都能由出人。有一些跟那些保安相熟的人亦順利通過。
記者憑著「回鄉證」，這本特權的標記，能從職員通道進入售票廳。
售票廳內只有二百多人，空氣與環境都以前好得多。可是，排隊進入售票廳的，情況卻令人難過。
二十五、六度，烈日當空的天氣下，那民工的身軀一個緊貼著一個，不到三呎的欄杆內，每一排都擠上三、四個人，三人龍一直延到廣場外圍，接近的士站邊。

有一個鐵欄內的民工對記者說，他排了近三個小時才進入通道欄內，如果要進售票廳，預計還要等三個小時，他說話的聲音是有氣無力的。
往記者停留的半個小時，在其中一條通道內，已經有四個民工因天氣太熱、體力又而昏倒，要由同伴搬他們出鐵欄。那些民工憤憤不平，如他們所說，在廣州，「永遠都是「次等人」」。

永遠都是「次等人」。
永遠的人久久不能進人，除了購票人數之外，另一個原因是通道被公安卡守著，久久不放人進售票廳。據那些排隊的民工說，若不多等四十五分鐘才放一次進去，而且每次只放幾十人。
因為在鐵欄內擠壓太久，每一次放人都極大的混亂，欄內的人不停的往前擠，不的人又擠欄進人，在這種情況下，容或成慘劇。

其實，八月份已非盲流季節，情況尚且此，若到旺季，將更不堪。
這個整治行動本來是希望改善買票的情況，站內的治安管理，對於車站的管理人員本地人、有錢人、特權分子，這個行「實」達到目的，可是那些窮人、民工仍受煎熬苦果。

用火車站官員否認有職工與炒票份子。廣州公安部門指出，每天大約拘捕名炒票份子，他們一般處分為接受勞

官制外省民工數量 粵十月起發就業證

【本報專訊】中方消息透露，廣東省將從今年十月份起實行「外來人員就業證制度」。新制度預計對外省民工數量加強管制。

有關方面透露，這一制度的主要內容有：

- 一，就業證為廣東省內勞動力跨地區就業和外省勞動力人粵就業的合法證明，在發證單位管轄區內有效，憑證方可在異地就業。
- 二，就業證分綠色和藍色兩種，分別用於省內和省外勞務人員，證內主要紀錄持證人資料、就業情況和勞動部門年檢情況。



彝族火把節 傳統鬥牛賽

雲南省路南彝族自治州縣的彝族為慶祝火把節，一日在石林風景區舉行傳統鬥牛比賽，一百多名彝族養牛好手把所飼養的牛牽來參加比賽。

put your hand in the
at silver box my fe
et found that a mag
ined path just as i
knew they would an
i looked at the wor
ld through muddle
ds sense i knew it w
as for my greater g
ood so i sat down wi
th the paper not li
king what i read so
i sucked on an unli
tcigarette hopin
g to clear my head a
nd i've just gotta
skare you an upsta
nding citizen but
don't ask me to sto
mach that after tas
te cut and past my
soda induced acid
trip its not a fant
asy and i see it as
ospel my beverage
air
十一萬三千
十三億元人
頭、湘、閩
二十萬五千
二十三人；
農作物受災
直接經

上海上半年罪犯案件大增 深圳市長促「七害」執行不力即撤換領導

【中通訊社上海二日電】今年上半年，上海各級人民法院受理各類案件呈大幅度全面上升態勢。有關方面對此十分重視。
據悉，各類案件的基本特點是：刑事案案件增長迅速，嚴重危害社會治安的犯罪案件比重加大；經濟犯罪案件成倍增長，犯罪金額越來越大；經濟糾紛案件的數量和訴訟標的總金額均創歷史最高水平；民事案件繼續保持全面上升勢頭；行政案件亦呈上升趨勢。全市法院一至六月份共收各類案件五萬九千三百二十九件，比上年同期多收一萬五千二百三十一件，上升百分之三十四點五；共審結案件五萬一千零六十九件，同比上升一萬一千五百七十件，上升了百分之二十九點二九。
上半年，上海各級法院共受理一審刑事案件共五千二百一十五件，同比上升百分之五十七點二二，為近十年來最大的上升幅。
案件情況可以看出，嚴重危害社會治安犯罪案件上升幅度大，共有一千四百零六件，佔刑事收案總數的百分之二十六點八，同比上升百分之五十二點七六。
此外，刑事案件出現的新情況令人擔憂：少年罪犯及未成年罪犯比重上升；農犯罪增加；出現了盜竊重要科技成果的犯罪案件；智能型犯罪增多，外國人在中國境內犯罪增多，如攜帶毒品過境、持假照詐騙等等。
【中通訊社深圳二日電】深圳市委書記、市長厲有為今天在深圳市掃除黃、賭、毒大會上表示，黨政一把手是掃除黃、賭、毒、黑醜惡現象的第一責任人，哪個人的領導責任，該撤換的堅決撤換。
為說，掃除七害是深圳市今年以來8/94社會治安所採取的第四次重大行動。今次行動，首先要建立市、區、鎮政一把手領導責任制，一級抓一級，落實，今後不管哪個地方的領導班（賭、毒處理不力，就要追究領導責任，該撤換的必須撤換，其次要建立公同化、工商、衛生等主管部門領導責任制，同時建立企業經營者的責任制。
厲有為強調，在今後活動中，要廣泛發動市民，嚴格執法，加大打擊力度，使這場活動永久地打下去，一定要使社會風氣有明顯好轉。

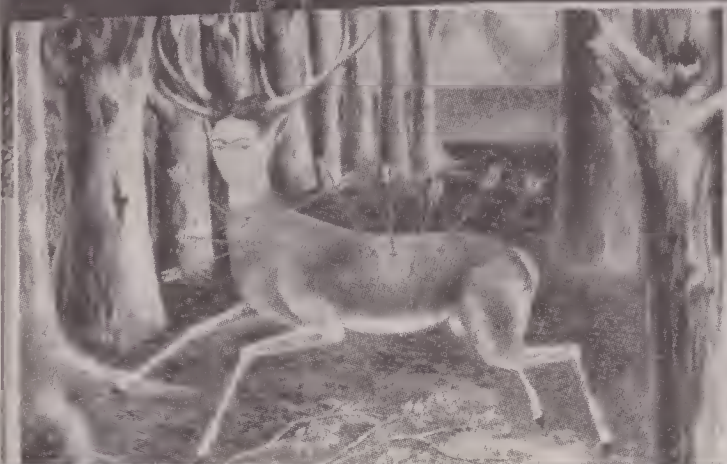
I, of sound mind and body, write these words from a very cliché dark cave of a mind. I, being 100% human and currently fucked, write these words with an incapacitated amount of confusion. I struggle with every breath as if it were my last. I feel the weight of a simulated cold cloud of a helmet planted on my head as if I'm still stoned out of my mind from the previous 4 days of emotional evasion. I write this because I'm human and because I am sad beyond belief. I am let down. Not by anything in particular, but by the human experience. I fend off my thoughts as if I'm fighting for my life. I do not want to wallow in sorrow, in truth, or reality, I just want to be. Maybe I'm running on empty. I'm trapped in my own mental ghetto of disappointment and frustration. Where to go, I'm not quite sure. Forward, onward, straight and full speed ahead, teaming with the good humor of a goddamn Sprite commercial-probably not. But eventually I'll get there, wherever it is, when I get there. For now I'll marinate in my washed up, soon to be 21 juvenile life in for now, Santa Barbara, trying to blindly satiate my mind in the new Spitboy/Crudos record and rock out to Born Against pretending I'm Sam McPheeters on center stage. The caffeine and marijuana haze is starting to burn itself out as I must get used to dealing with things on my own so.....I wrote this in a futile attempt at coming to terms with...fuck if I know. Maybe it's my boyish squalor of an existence extending my hand outward to a populace already consumed some other madness of sorts.

Thank you to so many bands and people who keep me dreaming, hoping, crying, struggling, and most of all for inspiring me.

tu conejito siempre,

Chris Quiroz

write c/o of heartattack





shawn scallen • 235 plymouth • ottawa • ontario • canaduh • k1s 3e4 • an914@freenet.carleton.ca



iG*88
PO Box 13946
Santa Barbara CA
93107

scott
jason
bryan
carrington
ben

iG-88 thanks Kent and John.

THE END IS NIGH.

I HEAR THE BUZZ FROM A MILLION MILES AWAY.
THE SOUND THAT SLOWLY DIPS MY BODY IN LEAD.
DULLS MY SENSES, AND DULLS MY REFLEXES
UNTIL I AM MERELY THE CLAY THAT THEY WANT
ME TO BE...

DRONE.DRONE.DRONE.DRONE.

WHAT I'VE BECOME MEANS VERY LITTLE TO ME.
WHAT I'VE BECOME MEANS NOTHING AT ALL TO ME.
IF ONLY I HAD BACK THE FEELING IN MY HANDS,
I COULD REACH OUT OF THE COCOON WOVEN
FOR ME...

BUT THAT'S OKAY
BECAUSE WHEN I EMERGE FROM MY COFFIN...

I WILL BECOME A NEW BEING,
I WILL ACCEPT MY SITUATION,
I WILL IGNORE THE ANGUISH OF OTHERS,
I WILL REMAIN CONTENT,
I WILL BE ATTENTIVE TO ALL THE NEEDS OF THE
QUEEN BEE.



photo: rob fracisco

skyscraper

.looking glass.

these reflections
in this glass
stare right through me...
these reflections
in this glass
unheard through this glass
i am unheard
his time has passed
our time has passed
his time is now
these children run
i used to follow
but these legs are brittle
now this window is my program
i can not move
i had life i was alive
these machines
have all run down
just like me
my eyes are shallow
but they still see you
i am no help through this window
this war is silent
i still hear you
i am no help through this window
these children run
i am right behind them
i am alive
i am life

508 main st.
toms river, nj
08753
(908) 505-9841

dan, josh, greene, woody, & mike

thank you.

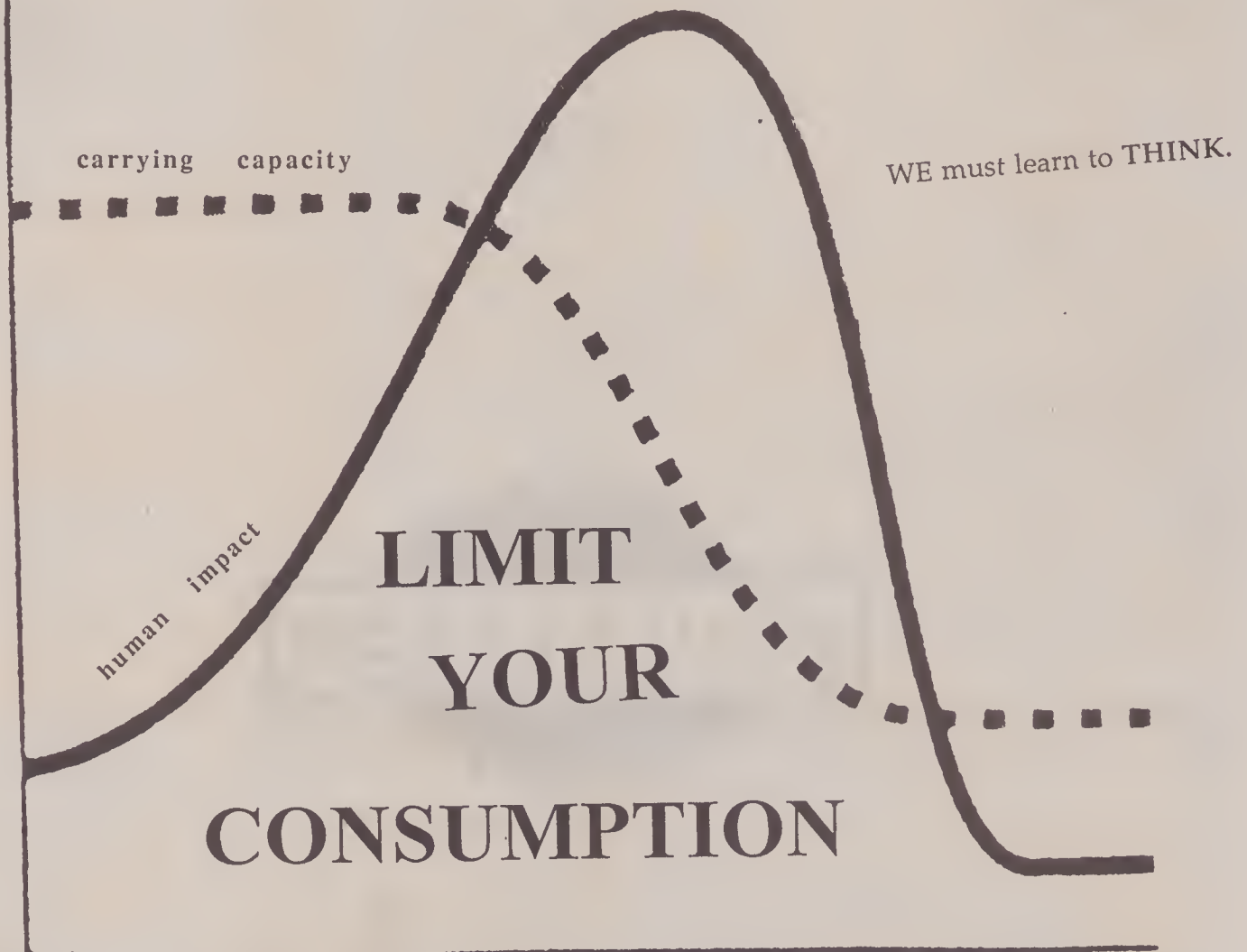


OVERSHOOT

WE can make a difference!

WE can achieve what needs to be achieved!

A SUSTAINABILITY REVOLUTION is in our future.



COLLAPSE

An uncontrolled decline in population or economy induced when that population or economy overshoots the sustainable limits to its environment and in the process reduces or erodes those limits.

Mike Mowery

po box 14228 santa barbara california 93107

Heartatta Ck
10/284



PERPETUALLY
MAKING UP



ISIDIAN

H

10/284

Heartatta Ck

Heartatta Ck

CRIMES
& ICONOCLAST

Ebullition

Heartatta Ck
10/284

Acme! H

Heartatta Ck

Ebullition Records • Po Box 680 • Goleta, CA 93116
HeartattaCk • Po Box 848 • Goleta, CA 93116





INCURABLE COMPLAINT

FISTICUFFS BLUFF

JIHAD

AMBER INN

K.A.S.H.

EX-IGNOTA

SHOTMAKER

MANRAE

SKYSCRAPER

LOOMIS SLOVAK

UNION OF URANUS



Heintzta Ok

#10



art stolen from Barbara Barnett



LOOMIS SLOVAK

SKYSCRAPER

SHOTMAKER

JIHAD

A

UNION OF URANUS
K.A.S.H.



B

AMBER INN

FISTICUFFS BLUFF

COMPLAINING

INCURABLE

1-G88

MANRAE